

JOCK

By GEORGE
ETHELBERT WALSH.

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THIS isn't a dog story, but, come to think of it, a little brindle mongrel cur figures pretty prominently in it. Jock never posed as a hero, and I guess he isn't one. I've seen him run from a bigger dog, yelping for dear life and curling that tail between his legs like an ostrich burying its head in the sand.

Jock simply came to me, and I tolerated him because he showed so much affection for a forlorn, homesick engineer doing duty in a distant land.

Jock and I went everywhere, slept together, ate together and tramped the country like two old outcasts. But he wasn't good for much else than a companion. He was too lazy to keep awake at night to watch out for danger and too big a coward to stand between me and another man or animal.

When I was commissioned to inspect the new docks and piers that the government was having built in Manila bay Jock and I prepared for sundry little excursions along as pretty a coast as any man laid eyes on.

On the fifth day out from Manila we reached the new government dock, where heavy supplies for the army were to be landed for shipment to the interior. This was a large wooden affair running 500 feet into the bay. The contractors had just finished their work, and the government was waiting for my final report before accepting it.

The dock was firmly built of huge piles driven into the soft mud and sand and boarded up on both sides to keep the floating debris from collecting under it. There was an entrance under the dock at the extreme end, but one could enter it only at low tide.

It was a very hot day, and after making a close examination of the dock I decided at noon to eat lunch under the cool shade of the mammoth wooden floor and then take a nap.

Jock made no objection to this unspoken proposition, but wagged his tail with intuitive appreciation of my plans. I pushed the small, flat bottomed boat which carried our day's supplies under the dock and proceeded to enjoy myself.

The tide was very low, and I pushed the boat halfway up the shelving shore and left it with anchor thrown over the bow. Jock ate all the dinner I could not swallow and then patiently snuggled up to my side and blinked his eyes sleepily.

The place was very conducive to slumber, and I was soon fast asleep, and Jock was no better off. We must have slept for hours. I woke with a start and found darkness around us.

For a few moments I was too puzzled to make out my position. I could not believe that night was upon us, for it had been high noon when I lay down to rest. This impression was confirmed by a few stray beams of light filtering through the roof over my head.

Jock at first sleepily wagged his tail. Then, scenting danger, he whined and sniffed the air. I, too, was beginning to feel the presence of some evil.

When fully awake and mental faculties alert, I comprehended the danger of our situation at a glance. The tide had risen rapidly, and the entrance un-

der of water up to the ankles is considered a lake and a stream three feet deep a river of mighty volume. Therefore, I confess with shame, I hadn't learned the gentle art of swimming.

I pushed the boat toward the end of the pier, bumping my head repeatedly against the boards overhead. There, ten feet below the surface, I could see a path of light which showed me where the entrance to our prison was located. A good diver and swimmer could easily reach it and come up on the other side.

Jock looked down and wagged his tail, inviting me to dive. It was dog talk just as plain as day. I smiled with chagrin and shook my head.

I was not a kind to die easily, and while I had a few minutes of respite



THE BOAT SUDDENLY TIPPED AND ROLLED STRAIGHT OVER.

I exhausted every possible study of the situation. I pushed around the piles and shook the boards, hoping to find one loose, but the contractors had performed their work well.

There was no use calling for help, for there was no possibility of any one being within five miles of the place. So I didn't waste much strength in that way.

There was only three feet of space between the boat and the boards overhead. At the rate the tide was rising I should have nearly an hour before the climax could be reached. I tried to console myself with the thought that I was safe. The water would force the boat up toward the roof, but by lying down in it we could wait for the turn of the tide. I took measurements and found that with six inches of space we could escape if we took care not to rock the boat.

On the other hand, if the water crept up beyond that point the boat would be swamped, and I would have no choice other than to sink like a log. Jock might swim around and eventually escape, but for me there was no escape.

The thought of such an end sent the cold shivers down my spine. It was difficult to sit there and wait for the end. I lit my pipe and tried to smoke, but my courage oozed out slowly, and twice the pipe went out. Then I put it away and took another measurement.

I turned pale with apprehension. The tide had gained a foot and a half. By aid of the dim light I looked at my watch. The time for high tide was still half an hour off.

I realized then that my fate was sealed. The water would reach to a level with the floor of the dock, and I would drown. I tried to picture the scene of the final struggle. In fancy I experienced all the sensations of death.

Jock must have been thinking of the same thing, for he suddenly grew nervous and excited. He whined and whimpered and chased up and down the boat. I tried to grab him to stifle his cries, but he avoided me and finally leaped overboard.

That splash in the water brought more alarm to me than anything else. Jock was deserting me, and, like a drowning man clinging to his support of straw, I grabbed for the dog to haul him back.

I must have leaned heavily on the side of the boat, for it suddenly tipped and rolled straight over, turning turtle so quickly that I was in the water before I could think. Fortunately I had presence of mind enough to grasp the sides. I clung to this support and gasped for breath.

I tried in vain to turn the boat over. It would have been a stupendous job in that narrow space for an expert swimmer; for me it was absolutely impossible.

The top of the boat was within a few inches of the dock overhead, and I could not climb upon it. I simply clung to it and shivered. Jock swam around and around the overturned craft, whining and begging me to leave, but there was no alternative, and I clung desperately to the slippery bottom.

The water rose inch by inch. First the bottom of the boat bumped against the boards overhead; then it was held firmly in position, and the tide climbed higher, marking the rise on the sides.

When there was only six inches of space in which to breathe I began to lose all hope. At five inches the lapping waves frequently slapped my head backward, forcing my mouth and nose as near the boards of the roof as possible. Jock was by my side doing the same.

But he took it less silently and calmly. He spluttered and whined and made frantic efforts to bore his nose through the obdurate boards. I was

fast losing control of my muscles, for horrible fear was paralyzing my will. The frantic terror of the drowning man was taking possession of me.

The water was now filling my mouth and nostrils with every gentle undulation of the surface. I spluttered and gasped and made more frantic struggles than Jock.

My senses were deserting me when Jock suddenly slipped from my side and disappeared. My first thought was that the poor dog had succumbed, and was dead. Then I concluded that he had made a strike for life and liberty at the final moment.

This impression was apparently verified a moment later. I heard Jock's bark in the distance. The sound was far away and muffled, but it seemed to come from overhead. He had escaped!

Then the impossibility of it dawned upon my mind. There had been no time for him to dive under the dock and reach the top of it. But, if not, the dog had found a place of security. His natural instinct had led him to some safe nook which I had overlooked.

This thought possessed me and brought renewed hope to my failing spirit. I would follow Jock's lead and then yield to the inevitable without a murmur.

But where was Jock? That puzzled me. I tried to locate his muffled cry. It sounded so near and yet so distant!

Something impelled me to strike out under the boat with one arm, and my hand came in contact with something soft and furry. It was Jock, and had I not heard his constant and persistent bark I should have concluded he was strangling to death under the boat.

A man's wits act quickly in moments of great danger, or at least they do sometimes. Mine worked with lightning-like rapidity then. I reasoned that I could live where Jock could, and I plunged my head under the boat and grasped upward for support.

I found myself a moment later clinging to the seat of the overturned boat, with my head bumping against the bottom, but with more space for breathing than I had enjoyed for some time. It was total darkness there, but the air was fresh and invigorating. Jock was fawning by my side and whimpering with delight.

I reasoned out the explanation of it in a flash. In turning over so sudden-



I REACHED UNDER THE BOAT. By the boat had imprisoned a lot of air, and the rising water had held it. The bottom and sides of the boat were both air and water tight. Jock had found the place of escape either accidentally or by instinct.

I breathed easier and found my position more comfortable. There was a good six inch space for the head, and I could rest my elbows under the seat of the boat. It was all a question now of whether there was sufficient air to support the two of us for half an hour or less. By that time, I judged, the tide would turn, and we could crawl out.

The water could not rise up higher under the boat on account of the imprisoned air, but our breathing steadily exhausted the oxygen of the latter and added to our discomfort.

My nerves grew tense and snappy, and my senses began to reel. Jock, too, ceased to bark and whine. A great slumber appeared to possess us. How long we had been there I had no way to judge, but when my head seemed ready to split I could stand it no longer. I must have fresh air!

I ducked my head under the gunwales of the boat and crawled out. There was a moment of spluttering and gasping and then a deep breath of fresh air that sent the blood tingling through my whole body.

The tide had turned, and there was space enough under the dock to live and breathe in comfort. I filled my lungs until they ceased their panting. Then, remembering Jock, I reached under the boat and hauled his nearly lifeless body up to the fresh air.

When the tide fell low enough for us to crawl upon the bottom of the boat I flung myself at full length on it and rested. Jock spread himself out by my side ready as ever to rest and sleep.

Later I examined the high level of the tide under the dock and found that the water had come up to within half an inch of the boards. No man could have lived there, and had not Jock found the fresh air under the boat neither of us would be here to testify to the truthfulness of this tale.

But Jock doesn't pose as a hero, and I'm not saying that he is one, but you must admit I owe my life to him.

How He Got Even.

During the war times Gillman Fay, a local character known by all as Gil, being in need of groceries and household necessities, went to the general store in Fayville, kept at that time by Colonel Dexter Fay, to make his purchases. The amount was 68 cents, and Mr. Fay tendered the clerk a one dollar bill. Change being scarce in the store, as was often the case during these strenuous times, the clerk passed him some slips of paper with figures on them to equal the amount of change due. Gil looked at the slip, then at the clerk, and slowly said, "What's all this?" "Why, that is what we are giving for change now. When you get one dollar's worth, we will redeem them," replied the clerk, and Gil went out. A day or two after this occurrence Gil went to the store again for some tobacco. The clerk passed out the plug, and Gil put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a handful of pumpkin seeds and handed them to the clerk, saying: "These are what I am using for change now. When you get a dollar's worth, I will redeem them."—Boston Herald.

A Bluff With a Cork Leg.

"Cork legs are not bad in their way," said the man who had one. "Some people are rather sensitive about theirs, but I'm not. I even have a little fun with it sometimes. I was in the smoker of a railroad train the other day talking with three other men while we puffed away at our cigars when the conversation turned on stoicism. Every man had an incident to relate about some acquaintance's remarkable ability to bear extreme pain without a murmur. When the third man had finished his yarn I mentioned casually that I rather prided myself on my ability to put up with a good deal of pain without making a squeal. 'To illustrate,' I said, and then opened my pen-knife and slowly forced the point of its long, keen blade into my leg just above the knee, at the same time smiling pleasantly. One man fainted, another became deathly pale, and the third got up and hastily left the car."—New York Press.

Stories of Brahms.

Many stories are told of how the composer Brahms treated pianists and singers who were eager to get his criticism. If one of these aspirants for his favor was fortunate enough to find him at home and be received, Brahms' first concern was to seat himself on the lid of his piano, a position from which he rightly deemed few would have the temerity to oust him. If this failed, he had recourse to the statement that the instrument was out of tune. "Oh, that does not matter," remarked one courageous individual. "Perhaps not to you, but it does to me," replied the master. On one occasion he was just leaving his house when a long haired youth, with a bundle of music under his arm, hailed him with, "Can you tell me where Dr. Brahms lives?" "Certainly," answered the master in the most amiable manner. "In this house, up three flights." And, so saying, he hurried away.

The Treacherous Lioness.

"Lionesses are far more dangerous than lions," said an animal trainer. "Their tempers are more uncertain. They are more treacherous. They are more wily. If a lion is in a bad humor, he shows it. He growls and snarls and lashes his sides. You know what is in the wind and prepare accordingly. But a lioness in a bad humor is as affectionate as a girl. She brushes, patters, against your leg, and she minds you with the joyous alacrity of a good fox terrier. Then, as soon as your back is turned, whizz—a yellow streak shoots through the air, and you are on your back, and she is at your throat. With all the cat tribe it is the same. Whenever you hear of a trainer mauled or mangled, be sure it was a female, not a male, cat that did the deed."

Greenland's Glaciers.

Nearly all the Greenland glaciers and tongues from the interior ice cap terminate in vertical faces from 100 to 1,000 feet high, presenting facilities for investigation. The vertical faces reveal pronounced stratification on the basal ice, even earth materials in the bases carried by the ice being arranged in layers. Fine laminations were seen twelve or twenty to an inch. The layers are sometimes twisted and contorted and even "showed" over each other. The glacier movement at the ice border is a foot per day to a foot per week.

Force of Example.

"Talk about the instinct of the lower orders! I built a little two story house for our parrot not long ago, and the very next morning after I put her in it she looked out of the window and greeted me in a very profane fashion. 'Why should she do that?' 'Complaining about the house, I fancy.' 'But why should she swear at you?' 'Took me for the janitor, no doubt.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His First Love Affair.

Mrs. Rose—Did your husband ever have more than one love affair? Mrs. Pose—Oh, only one, I believe! Mrs. Rose—And that was when he fell in love with you? Mrs. Pose—Oh, dear, no! He had fallen in love with himself long before he had met me.

Women in Medicine.

First Lady Doctor—He is sleeping now and is certainly recovering. He proposed to me this morning. Second Lady Doctor—Indeed! He was probably delirious.—Boston Transcript.

A coward never forgave; it is not his nature.—French Proverb.

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Bargains in REAL ESTATE For Sale.

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